

Finding Home: A Walk, a Meditation, a Memoir, a Collage

Kathleen Vaughan

I unabashedly love Toronto, where I've lived for more than three decades. Two of those I've resided in this apartment on the west side of town—close to the University of Toronto and the Ontario College of Art and Design (OCAD), to the parks and pathways that connect my living and working sites with those institutions and my other haunts. What thrills me most about this city? Its diverse peoples, half of whom were born outside Canada.¹ Its neighbourhoods. Its walkability. Its ravines.

Leaving OCAD at the end of an afternoon's teaching, I loved to stroll through the crowds, images, noises and smells of adjacent downtown Chinatown, enjoying the hurly-burly along Dundas Street West, the shapes and colours of the once-unfamiliar fruits and vegetables of the street-side displays, the streetcar's clang of impatience as it noses through the congested traffic, the sweet, dense smells wafting from the herbalists' open doorways. I'm also enamoured of its counterpoint: the hipster urban gloss a few blocks south and west along Queen Street (close to my studio), its trendy storefronts filled with artisanal goods, small press titles, fashion victim attire, and some of the best croissants in the city. And most of all, I love the ravines. These 'surprise' below-grade parks, nestled within developed urban neighbourhoods, hug the watercourses that over the centuries have chiseled deep valleys into this city, making Toronto a kind of "San Francisco in reverse,"² as an architect once quipped.

When you love something as much as I do Toronto, then you make art-work about it. In my practice, art making requires a devoted and voracious accumulation of ideas and options, followed by ruthlessly selective editing, a kind of delicate dissection—this paradoxical form of engagement somehow both bonds you to your subject and holds it at arm's length. And so motivated by love, curiosity and a kind of anticipatory nostalgia I'll explain later, I created *Finding Home*, a body of interwoven visual art and text about my home neighbourhood around Bathurst and St. Clair. This article reflects on the making of *Finding Home* and includes portions of it.

In *Finding Home* I wanted to offer a reader, a viewer, the gift of the same kind of engagement of Toronto that I appreciate so much—a positive experiential encounter. And so the text was written as a walk along a specific looping route away from and back to my apartment, in the sociable and inquisitive company of my standard poodle, Auggie. The visuals represent the route through both space and time as well as our process of walking it, and include large-scale charcoal drawings, textile maps and sculptures, archival and contemporary photographs, and paper collages. The text is a mix of personal memoir, research, and theory, a collage of urban and environmental studies; education and ethics; art theory and practice; history, geography, and

natural science. And of course the text and visual work juxtaposed create a kind of meta-collage, a “remix” of literary and visual/kinaesthetic modes of knowing. Each iteration of *Finding Home*—versioned in exhibitions and publications such as this one—configures component elements afresh, generating new possibilities for both knowledge and em-placement.

I undertook *Finding Home* to inquire into how a person can develop a feeling of being at home in the world, and to explore the role that creative work—in this case, collage—plays in that process. This research agenda reflects that *Finding Home* served as the dissertation for my PhD in Education from York University (Toronto).³ But rather than continue to describe a work that both tells about and shows aspects of my Toronto, let me offer you a version of it, adapted from the final chapter of the text. Here, in the late summer of 2006, Auggie and I, in the imaginative company of the reader, walk through the Cedarvale Ravine, a wildish park that slashes an uncompromising diagonal into the city’s grid of streets not far from my Raglan Avenue apartment.

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Before we begin the last leg of our walk through Cedarvale Ravine, let us enjoy the small park that surrounds its most southerly point: the Heath Street entrance to the St. Clair West subway, an often-busy area crossed by beaten ash pathways. In the early morning hours when Auggie and I are most likely to be here, people stream purposefully in two directions: commuters down the subway station’s stairs towards the trains; joggers, dogs, and their walkers into the ravine at the north edge of the park.

We can access the ravine via any of the paths into the park. They all converge in a single route down the hill, into the valley around Castle Frank Creek, a tributary of the Don River much further east. We’ll follow the route of this creek along the path that parallels it, walking northwest in a looping route back to my Raglan Avenue apartment. In my two decades in the neighbourhood, Castle Frank Creek has moved like sludge, emerging from one storm drain only to slide slowly towards the next. A century ago, a river might have bubbled freely, bouncing its way towards larger waters. Back in the days of Ice Age run-off, a torrent must have roared here. It would take millennia of water’s relentless streaming to cut such a deep, wide channel into the local terrain.

This much I can propose based on my own observations, my lived experience of this neighbourhood, and basic knowledge of the geological history of this region. But research gives me further details, allows me to amplify my story of this place:

The place we call Toronto has experienced great and momentous changes in its several-billion-year history—colliding continents, mountains the height of the Rockies, tropical seas, and millions of years of erosion. The record of these remarkable happenings lies beneath our feet, in the rocks, sediments, and soils upon which we live.⁴



Cedarvale Jogger

More specifically, about 25,000 years ago, the great Laurentide ice sheet advanced across Toronto, indeed across the entire Great Lake Regions into New York State and Pennsylvania, layering this part of the world with what's called the "Northern Till," a massive stony sediment that is still characteristic of the ground beneath us. About 12,000 years ago, the climate started to warm and the ice began a retreat to the northwest, forming a dam across what would later be called the St. Lawrence River and creating the perimeter of Lake Iroquois, a body of water that was larger and deeper than our present Lake Ontario. When the climate had warmed enough so that this dam melted and the northeastern end of the basin began to drain (about 11,500 years ago), the lake level dropped, exposing large areas of terrain. However, as the great weight of ice was removed from the land with the glacier's retreat, the land experienced an "uplift"—literally a rebound, a surge upwards that con-

tinues even to this day.⁵ I enjoy thinking of the earth as active, as moving beneath our feet, albeit at a rate of a few millimetres a century.⁶

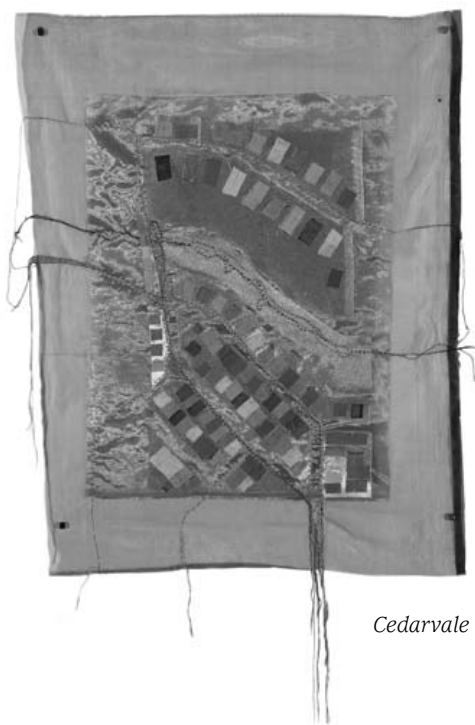
Over our own by-contrast-meagre eight years together, Auggie and I have walked this ravine in all directions, in all weather. We've come to know not just the main pathway we'll take today, but also many of the side routes. I reflect our knowledge of these byways in a textile map, one of four in this series, all based on the rigorously rendered particulars of the City Surveyor's maps that articulate each block and building, every park and pathway, all light standards and watercourses. By contrast, my maps are approximations, both tactile—incorporating delicate and sensual fabrics as well as Braille-like stitching—and visual. Into the layers of cloth are stitched multiple linear trajectories, each representing one of our ambling, with-dog, side-to-side routes in a distinctive colour of embroidery floss.

Quilt-like, the maps are pieced and layered together from organzas, silks, and velvets in a range of related hues: delicate sap and moss greens, antique golds and silvered greys, old roses, and reds. City blocks and buildings inscribe rectilinear forms, while the parks that encompass creeks are more irregular in shape: each map is rendered in cloth, some layers translucent, some opaque. The heavy structures of our world are rendered insubstantial, wisp-like, as delicate as memories.

I have boundless recollections of the ravine. Walking its footpaths through years of observation, these have helped me recognize patterns of growth, of migration, of inhabitation, and to see changes in those patterns, too. Even as humanly managed as this space is—groomed, signed, legislated, patrolled—it retains a feeling of the wild, of the “more-than-human.”⁷ Toronto's wildish ravines are a welcome reminder that the urban milieu and its natural processes are not separated. “Cities are, after all,” states naturalist Wayne Grady, “built directly on top of wildernesses, and they don't always displace the plants and animals that live there. A city is not an artificial construct, superimposed on a natural landscape: it is part of the landscape it inhabits.”⁸

And the landscape around us in the ravine, at this late summer moment of writing, is abundant with growth. The Joe-Pye Weed, for instance, is taller than I am, the deep rose of its flower now shifting with the seasons into warm greys and browns as the bloom fluffs with pollen. Virginia Creeper, the five-leafed vine, climbs up the small trees that line the path. Here and there, the vine's leaves are edged in a bright scarlet—a portent of fall to come.

Walk along a ways, and enjoy the ravine's always-cooler air, oxygen-rich and moistly breathable. Just before a small wooden bridge across the creek, in a cluster of neighbours, non-descript, stands a vigorous sapling: a black walnut. I take note of its erect, spear-like trunk and the turpentine-like smell that wafts off a crushed leaf. Once rare in south-central Ontario, black walnuts are beginning to be seen more regularly—an excellent sign of renaturalization. More highly prized than the Manitoba maples and hawthorns that quickly col-



Cedarvale Ravine

onize distressed terrain, black walnuts, oaks, and hickories are the remnants of the old Carolinian forest of which we're at the very edge. As much as the *mélange* of the city's built structures, then, "urban nature is a collage of past and present, a medley of different elements that binds the concrete fabric of the city to the abstract commodification of space."⁹

My instructor in the ravine's botanical lore is Mary Taylor of the Toronto Field Naturalists,¹⁰ who led a group of six of us on a nature walk here one drizzly evening in August 2006. She identified plants and repeatedly suggested that our ravine was "doing well"—coming back nicely after the disruption of the subway construction more than thirty years ago.

Learning about various antecedents to the Cedarvale Ravine and discovering that at times its existence has been threatened by development¹¹ freshens my appreciation of our local wild park as it is now, a place that to an uninformed observer might appear immutable, untouched. However, knowing stories of the ravine's historical specifics, of its own trajectories through time, makes me less likely to see this place as static, as having an unchanging and unchangeable essence. I am more apt to understand it—and every place—as a fragile, mutable, and resilient entity, changing in its own right as well as by human hands.

As we walked along Cedarvale's cinder pathway, with Mary naming plants and identifying birdcalls, I was pleased that see that in the years since

Auggie and I started our walks together, I have come to know some specifics about the life in our ravine. Some I've discovered through books and reading, some by chatting to other, more knowledgeable ravine walkers. I realize that I am indeed beginning to develop my under-schooled "natural history intelligence," a category of human knowing proposed by archaeologist Steven Mithen¹² and that can reside in experience and observation.

I know that my own observational skills bear improving, and that the work of *Finding Home* reflects the strides I've made so far. Some of those gains are perceptual: on this morning's walk with Auggie, I was keenly attending to the visual aspect of the ravine, looking for vantage points to take photographs that I will use as references for a drawing of this place. This will be the fifth drawing in the series, each elaborated in charcoal on paper.

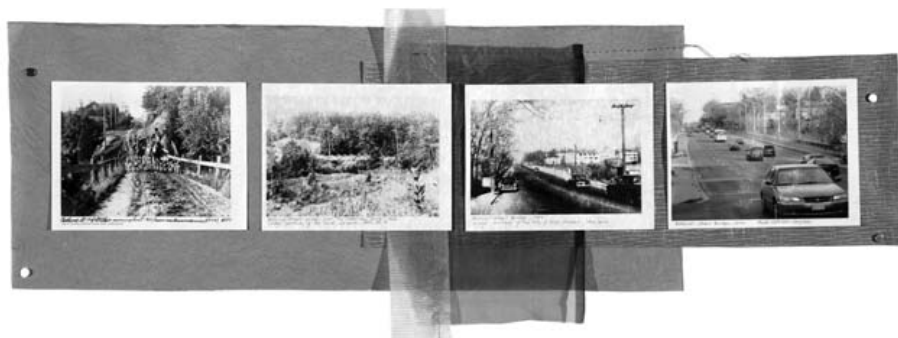
I chose to work on paper so that these anchor visual components of *Finding Home* would then echo the paper-based nature of the written text, creating a correspondence of forms. Both kinds of "pages" are of course covered with marks made in shades of grey, marks that require various literacies to decode. For the drawings, one such literacy is art historical, based in an understanding of Western traditions of landscape representation. The drawings take into consideration what theorist Charles Harrison has described as the characteristic approach to landscape of twentieth century art's high modernism, according to which "a sufficient concentration on matters of 'composition' could serve to dispel the awkward considerations of ownership, patronage, and constituency that inhabit the margins of all genres, not least the genre of landscape."¹³ I attempt to attend to compositional elements and the work's cultural context, since—to my mind at least—both are part of the work of finding and understanding one's home. But since I love this place in all its specificities, and want my renderings in drawn form to be recognizable to others, my drawings use extreme naturalism as a rhetorical trope, encouraging the sense of affiliation they also to some extent raise into question.

And so walking the ravine path this morning, scanning for vantage points from which to photograph, I was looking intently with an artist's eye, and with the eye of someone who knows and loves this ravine in particular, historically situated aspects. I was seeking a mix of terrain, healthy and not so healthy plants, the city visible in the background, the path leading us onwards, and the occasional serendipitous presence of some fellow ravine walkers, joggers or dogs.

Walk with me, forward, bearing left as the path splits. Ignoring offshoots that lead out of the parklands into the upscale residential Forest Hill community, keep to the main path as it gently turns west and then north again. Walk past the fallen oak that spans a small, pooled portion of the creek, usually bright green with duckweed in the growing season. A little further along, we'll come to stands of hawthorn trees flanking the path. Around the trees, the lower, marshier grounds are filled with bulrushes and, seasonally, red-winged blackbirds—welcome harbingers of spring. It's here that I stand

to take the dozen photographs that will become the basis of *Cedarvale Jogger*. Like the others in the series, this drawing is 92 inches high by 44.5 inches wide, a large metaphorical doorway into a recognizable local scene. Strong perspectival recession creates the illusion and offers the invitation of deep space: step in, walk with me.

Artistic practice, like natural history, is linked to observational and representational skills, to direct, embodied experience. Education in either discipline engages the individual (student or teacher) with their surroundings, encouraging us to be what philosopher Maxine Greene would call “more wide awake to the world.”¹⁴ Of course, the point of this increased sensitivity is increased care for both self and the world, for self-in-world, and ultimately the cultivation of an activist sensibility and agenda—all practices of affiliation with place. Ideally, care thus enables the finding of home, which motivates further feelings and practices of care: a self-reinforcing cycle of attunement, affiliation, and action. Indeed, in my months of attentive observation around the neighbourhood (an aspect of my research) I have noticed just how much loving work individuals invest here. Many of us do so as volunteers, scooping our dogs’ droppings out of the park, for instance, or tending gardens and sweeping the sidewalks in front of our dwellings or stores. Such work is “an expression of spontaneity and creativity,” according to geographer Edward Relph. He further reminds us that, “Generosity is doing something for its own sake, without an ulterior motive, and is an indication that someone cares for a place simply because it is his or hers.”¹⁵



Bathurst Street Bridges

Generosity at the civic level can result in accomplishing work of collective care, a kind of community-level home-making. Such was the case with the summer 2006 reconstruction of the ravine path, for instance. Since the path

passes through what was once swampy creekside terrain, we tend to suffer from excess water. Overflow is particularly problematic in the winter, when cycles of flooding and freezing coat the path with ice, leaving the ravine passable only to sure-footed canines and people wearing ice-cleats. And so, with this summer's expenditure of public attention and money, workers inset drainage culverts under the pathway to help keep the walking surface dry.

Author and artist John Berger likens this kind of ongoing care of home to a current day repetition of the original, ancestral choice of the appropriate "home-site." As he proposes, the original choice once upon a time identified the point of intersection of the family's vertical axis—linking earth (generations of dead) and sky (gods)—and the horizontal axis of roads to all other earthly places. He writes, "Every act of maintenance or improvement acknowledged and repeated the first choice, which was not one of taste but of *insight*, in having chosen a place where the two life lines crossed..."¹⁶

However, I am admonished by Edward Relph, "To care for a place involves more than having a concern for it that is based on certain past experiences and future expectations—there is also a real responsibility and respect for that place both for itself and for what it is to yourself and to others. There is, in fact, a complete commitment to that place, a commitment that is as profound as any that a person can make, for care-taking is indeed the basis of man's relation to the world."¹⁷ Relph's statement of belief echoes mine, a belief that has consolidated through hours of walking, hours of art-making, all supported by hours of research. And so I learn the human and natural history of the trail as we walk through the Cedarvale Ravine.

More marshy terrain awaits on the other side of the small footbridge, rebuilt and widened this summer as part of the pathway work. Poison ivy, cattails, and water-loving willows are all features of the ground cover here, around the pathway's route under the bridge over Bathurst Street, one of the city's major north-south arteries. It wasn't until 1927 that a high level bridge spanned this ravine and began to allow increasingly swift passage; previously it was crossed only via a rickety, wooden, single-lane trestle structure¹⁸—obviously not very travel-worthy. This current concrete bridge has been in place for at least the twenty years I have lived in the neighbourhood.

I find in local archives old photographs of the terrain and its bridges: previous generations' documenting and preserving their acts of engineering, of home-making. I add to these contemporary images of my own, graying their hues towards the black and white tones of the earlier shots. Maintaining a common palette, I am more interested in the similarities and continuity of our home-making practices across generations than in rupture.

For the purposes of exhibition, I print from digital scans of archival images onto handmade Japanese paper, which I in turn stitch and glue onto further layers of coloured papers, whose hues echo the soft greens and pinks of the textile maps, integrating all components into a single collage inquiry.

Continue with us along this ravine path, under and past the Bathurst Street Bridge. Auggie and I know this path well, the pond-like spread of water on the left just a few yards on, the creek moving in a small vigorous channel on the right. It was along here that I first came to notice and love the red-barked dogwood, such brio of colour against the stark grey and white winter landscape. Now, the late summer wildflowers are rehearsing fall's hues: the ravine is full of jewel weed, its intense, opaque orange pouches a magnet for the eye; the vivid mustard of abundant goldenrod shakes in chest-high tassels all along the pathway.

In the early mornings in this less tended part of the park, I regularly see signs of animal battles: a dismembered corpse, a wing occasionally litters the path. Right near here, Auggie has hunted out two fox skulls and a piece of a jawbone of a bigger animal, perhaps a dog or coyote. Now dried and cleaned, these sit on my windowsill as beautiful and slightly terrible reminders of the frailty of the "bone house" we mammals all know as home, and of the sedimented knowledge of this place I have accumulated through walking, writing, and making visual work. Naturalist Beth Powning describes a similar kind of rhythmically accumulating knowledge of the walked terrain around her New Brunswick farm:

We realize that walking the same path daily is like learning a language: woodchips on the path indicate a woodpecker's hole; purple spruce cones appear, oozing sap; one day there's a new cluster of Indian pipe—transparent stalks bent by strange, colourless flowers. The bookcase by the couch begins to fill with books about ferns, mushrooms, wildflowers, trees. Windowsills fill with rocks, a duck skull, cow's teeth. In the sherry glasses, there's a robin's egg, a warbler's breast feather. Vases hold dry lily stalks and our mantelpieces become crowded with a witchy jumble: raccoon skulls, wasps' nests, bird bones, dragonflies.¹⁹

In my case, the bones' physicality frailty, their implicit memory of the animated spirit for which they once provided the armature, confirm that the ravine and streets of this neighbourhood—like all neighbourhoods—harbour many tales of distress, injury, mortality. That the ravine is a place of horror, even death, does not diminish its being "home." While my work emphasizes the positive, it does not overlook the negative. I am not interested in home "as a locus of regressive nostalgia and as rallying ground for reactionary nationalism," as cultural theorist Angelika Bammer phrases it.²⁰ Rather, through the continuing course of this work, I have come to construe home as an ever-shifting standpoint from which to learn, grow, understand oneself, relate to others, and contribute to communal life, ideally a place of porous boundaries and necessarily one of mixed blessings.

And indeed, the continuing project of *Finding Home*, the on-going linked work of visual art making and writing about my home-place, brings me greater self-knowledge as it weaves me more and more tightly to this part of the world. Now, I seem to collect not just bones and artifacts, but also stories, activities, and even individuals. Knowing my interest, locals offer up their tales of

this place as well as opportunities for further knowledge, further exchange. Committed to exploring notions of home with young people in Toronto's schools, many of who are newcomers here, I undertake project-based teaching in neighbourhood institutions, sharing my interests and (I hope) inspiring others.²¹ More and more, I connect with people who share my passion for place, for *this* place and its human and more-than-human inhabitants.

Which brings a kind of irony into this work—the anticipatory nostalgia that I mentioned at the beginning of this article. The irony is that even as I grow more and more emplaced, I am increasingly overdue to move home, to leave the Raglan Avenue apartment that I have outgrown in all kinds of ways. However, in the years I have lived here, the neighbourhood has priced itself beyond my means: when I leave the apartment, I must almost certainly leave the Bathurst and St. Clair part of Toronto. I knew this when I began the work of *Finding Home*, undertaken as a kind of valedictory love letter to this place where almost in spite of myself I have come to feel at home in the world. If I can't stay—or so I said to myself—at least I can create an artifact of my affiliation and, perhaps, come to understand a process through which I could re-create a feeling of home elsewhere. For me, that process is a mix of observant walking and making of visual/verbal collages. For as anthropologist Mary Catherine Bateson puts it, “Learning to know a community or a landscape is a homecoming. Creating a vision of that community or landscape is a homemaking.”²²

And so it seems that no matter where I walk, where I make work, my continuing destination will be coming home again. But for now, we are on our way back to the Raglan Avenue apartment. Walk with us, through the ravine, up the stairs to the footbridge across it, and into the neighbourhood streets beyond. And then come inside with Auggie and me. Have a cup of tea and we'll tell yet more tales of dogs and domiciles, of ravine flora and fauna, of Toronto then and now—of *Finding Home*.

Notes

- ¹ City of Toronto, *Ward Profiles: Ward 21*, 2003. Canada's 2001 census revealed that 49.4 percent of Toronto residents were born outside the country.
- ² The architect was Larry Rivers, whose apposite remark was quoted by Robert Fulford in *Accidental City: The Transformation of Toronto*, 42.
- ³ I earned my PhD from York's Interdisciplinary Program in Language, Culture, and Teaching with the Faculty of Education, where *Finding Home* was the first multi-modal dissertation, comprising a visual art installation and an illustrated scholarly text. The full text of my dissertation is available in PDF files from my website at <http://www.akaredhanded.com/kv-dissertation.html>. Also there are two QuickTime video visits to the November 2007 installation of my visual work at Toronto's Gladstone Hotel, the site of my dissertation defense.
- ⁴ Westgate, “The Physical Setting: A Story of Changing Environments through Time,” 11.

- 5 Ibid., 24-5.
- 6 Grady, *Toronto the Wild: Field Notes of an Urban Naturalist*, 12.
- 7 This is David Abram's term, used throughout his *The Spell of the Sensuous: Perception and Language in a More-Than-Human World* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1996) as a way of reframing our sense of position with respect to the rest of the world.
- 8 Grady, *Toronto the Wild*, 148.
- 9 Gandy, *Concrete and Clay: Reworking Nature in New York City*, 234.
- 10 The Toronto Field Naturalists (www.torontofieldnaturalists.org), a charitable, non-profit organization, aims to stimulate public interest in natural history and to encourage the preservation of our natural heritage. The group conducts walks year round, organizes lectures, and publishes ravine surveys, plant, bird, and butterfly checklists, and other relevant information.
- 11 In the 1910s, Sir Henry Pellatt—creator of our local castle, Casa Loma—slated the Cedarvale Ravine for development into a private park for a proposed adjacent community of exclusive residential homes. However, World War I intervened and Pellatt went bankrupt without realizing his dream. In the 1920s, plans were afoot to turn some of the ravine into a private golf course while other parts were claimed by ad-hoc residential dwellings. These latter were abandoned or seized for non-payment of taxes during the depression of the 1930s, meaning that by the time Hurricane Hazel blew through in 1954, murderously washing dwellings out of ravine lands, ours was already domicile-free and 33 acres of park (See Wilbert G. Thomas, *Legend of York: A Survey of Later Developments, (1920-1950)*, in *York Township* (Toronto, ON, 1996), 86, and Fulford, *Accidental City*, 35-6.).
In the car-oriented 1960s and 70s, civic officials proposed the ravine as the site for the Spadina Expressway's high speed vehicular access to Toronto's core—a plan abandoned, thankfully, after vehement local protest. This story is told in Chapter 2 of my dissertation and by John Sewell in *The Shape of the City: Toronto Struggles with Modern Planning* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1993), 178ff., as well as by other sources. The creation of this same era, the University Subway extension did in fact disrupt the ravine, under which the train tunnels are buried. Photos of the Cedarvale Ravine before and after this construction can be seen on the website of the Lost Rivers group (www.lostrivers.ca/points/SubwayC.htm). Thankfully, our playscape as well as all Toronto's ravines are now protected by the 2002 Toronto Ravine By-Law (officially "City of Toronto Municipal Code Chapter 658, Ravine Protection), available from the City of Toronto's website, <http://www.toronto.ca/trees>. This by-law reflects the city's current interest in promoting good stewardship of one of Toronto's distinctive natural heritage features, a noticeable change in attitude from forty years ago.
- 12 Mithen, *The Prehistory of Mind: The Cognitive Origins of Art, Religion and Science*, 123-4, 162, 165-9.
- 13 Harrison, "The Effects of Landscape," 212.

- ¹⁴ Greene, *Releasing the Imagination: Essays on Education, the Arts, and Social Change*.
- ¹⁵ Relph, "Modernity and the Reclamation of Space," 37. Note that Relph's sense of proprietorship here goes beyond legal ownership to belonging.
- ¹⁶ Berger, *And Our Faces, My Heart, Brief as Photos*, 56, 64.
- ¹⁷ Edward Relph, *Place and Placelessness* (London: Pion, 1976), 38. Relph's last phrase quotes the work of Vincent Vycinas, *Earth and Gods: An Introduction to the Philosophy of Martin Heidegger* (The Hague: M. Nijhoff, 1961), 33.
- ¹⁸ According to a Toronto Heritage walk, "Houses on the Hill," August 26, 2006, led by local historical Margaret McCaffery.
- ¹⁹ Powning, *Edge Seasons*, 17-18.
- ²⁰ Bammer, "Editorial," x.
- ²¹ Through the Ontario Arts Council, I was funded to implement two *Finding Home* arts projects in Toronto schools in 2007-08. The first took place at Oakwood Collegiate Institute from January to March 2008, when I worked with 100 students in grades 9, 11, and 12 on mixed media artworks depicting their own very individual representations of home. These were exhibited in the nearby SideSpace Gallery in April 2008 (www.sidespacegallery.com). For the second implementation, I worked with 60 grade 5 students at Howard Public School, creating an external mural that depicts species native to the Humber River watershed of their neighbourhood and is the first step of a schoolyard beautification project.
- ²² Bateson, *Peripheral Visions: Learning Along the Way*, 213.

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